

Sefer





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"Daring ideas are like chessman moved forward,
they may be beaten,
But they may start a winning game."

Goeth

About the

ספר

According to the Analytical Concordance to the Bible, the meaning of "sefer" or "sepher" is derived from the Hebrew, meaning "writing" or "book".

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OF SEASONS AND LOVE

I like to live where seasons change;
Where Winter brings the snow,
Where Summer flowers all the range,
And mountain grasses grow;
Where Spring awakes and sings
 for joy,
With blushing boy and girl,
Where mockingbirds God's gifts employ
And peaceful eddies swirl.
I like to nap in Nature's lap
'Neath Autumn's soft, blue sky
And dream of you in the golden
 hue
Of her colorful majesty!
I like to see seasons change,
But love go on forever—
And lovers still their vows exchange
Regardless of the weather!
I like to see the seasons change,
Yet love remain the reason
That lovers still their vows exchange.
No matter what the season!

E. Ernest Hite, Jr.

Y ou were youth exuberant
When f irst I saw you, arrogant,
Defying life's belittlements
and laughing.

You've changed so now
I know full well
'Tis I who's changed you,
Made you fall
Made you hurt
with insecurities.

Y ou were Y outh
And I, Maturity.

Lawrence M. Beck





My time is my time
I need to be alone ,
To gather my thoughts
And file them in a dark chamber
Or reflect on past memories
And bits of melancholy.

Jill Michele Fortini

Give to me . . .
all the warmth in your heart
and the love shining in your eyes

And to you
I give—
myself.

Jill Michele Fortini

it was alright
 to flash a smile.
 it was alright
 for a while.
 it was alright
 to say your name,
 only after
 the smiling game.
 i know now
 it was the thing to do
 for in this place
 some were new . . .
 i remember the famous,
 "how are you?"
 and the even more famous,
 "there's nothing to do!"
 i even learned
 the counter reply,
 "yes, you're right,
 this place is dry."
 i heard you knew
 the city well
 and the stories
 one could tell . . .
 but there was only a smile
 and the famous, "how are you?"
 and the even more famous,
 "there's nothing to do!"
 it was alright
 to flash a smile.
 it was alright
 for a while.
 it was alright
 to say your name,
 but only after
 the smiling game.
 i know now
 it was the thing to do
 for in this place
 some
 were new. . .

Darla Joy Horne





GALLERY OF ETERNITY

A door, whose portals
Are the past,
Opens on a sky of powder blue
Horizonless nexus,
Curvatures darkened
By a grey rolling wall
Of thunder and confusion,
Which prevents perception
Beyond that point
Into the future.

Swirling mist contorts,
Distorts and changes
Immediate beginnings and endings.
A mist, a fog of haunting
Dreams behind and dreams before.
Only vaporous dreams — —
Blown and whipped by the winds of time.

Alpha and Omega meet
At the white hot star
Of Present, clear and sharply defined.
A star, a sun
Of conflict and harmony,
Which guards the door
And lights a vague path. . .

From deep corridors of Past
Into dark Future.
Thus we live as the Future
Becomes the Present,
And dies as the Present
Becomes the Past.

— — Merl Shultz

NOVEMBER MOOD

Indian Summer day belies
 The moods that tumble,
 Tripping, falling over each other,
 Each vying for supremacy
 As slow steps took me to her.

We had not long been friends
 Before this day;
 I had seen her moods,
 Had wanted, had tried
 to share them.

I thought she wanted to share—
 But would not,
 Until a recent day.
 And then she heard — and felt—
 And we were friends.

Today I came to her again,
 To share once more;
 She met me with an easy stride,
 Mood serene and sparkling.
 I felt tenderness
 in the cool blue of her look;
 I touched her briefly
 And found her warm.

She listened, but her mood
 was not mine;
 She listened, but did not hear.
 She was waiting for someone else — I felt —
 Someone whose mood was hers.
 She wanted to share — not listen.

And so I went my own way that day,
 And said goodbye to the Sea.

Silas H. Garrison





FACETIOUS SMILES

Facetious smiles
Contempt hidden by pacifying visages.
Persona worn by most everyone;
 the sneering lips;
But with knives in their eyes
 and mockery inside themselves.
Silent, but resounding the laughter I feel.
I feel the clammy handshake of pretense
 and see the mirror of self, known as eyes.
The fast moving lips that speak no truth;
The hot breath expelling emptiness.
Save me please from omnipresent pretense!
I want to flee, to be free,
 to know, and be known.
Oh, that I could believe what I see and hear
 but everywhere a facade!
Oh, for the freshness of truth
 that regenerates a lifeless soul.
Help me!
Keep me from entering this labyrinth
 that has trapped so many people.
Free me from this stale world of pretense.

Karen Brock





I am a balloon.
Little people
 blow me up eagerly.
They giggle
 at my proud expansion
 and enjoy
 the games I know.

All too soon
 I am replaced
 with a shiny blue ball
 or a curly-haired doll.

I am forgotten.
I lose the precious air
 that once filled me.
Without care,
 I no longer appear pleasing
 to the eye.

I float wistfully
 in a dirty stream
or lie trampled
or on cold trash heaps.
But it matters not . . .
 for I am a balloon.

Mary Lou Junkins

IN MEMORY OF GRANDFATHER

Life is a dying ember
But fond memories linger
On forever

So carry me down to the harbor,
Where through the waves
I will wander.

Fragments of my history
will sing to me there
While breezes from yesterday
blow through the air.

So carry me down to the harbor.
I'll make my bed
In the water .

Please don't worry
For I'm not alone .
The ages are calling,
They're taking me home.

Christine Smith





I was strolling the streets
of a southern town
and I guess maybe I was staring

At the girls in tight jeans
and tight sweaters;
All worn with the greatest daring.

I saw huge girls stuffed
in tiny shoes.

A waitress or two
was stuffed with booze.

A skinny girl held her bra in the air
and shouted her views about women's wear.

Older ladies walked the streets
in curlers, half hidden by hats,
in far too great a hurry
To notice me where I sat.

A gentleman, sitting beside me,
Turned and said, "Do tell,
What ever happened, son,
To the south—land's Southern Bell?"

Lawrence M. Beck

A HOUSE

A house may well be a building which serves as living quarters for one or more people, or it may be a human being with many chambers some of which have never been visited, even by the owner. Both laymen and doctors have this in common; they want the keys to all the rooms and the right to lock them or to enter them as they please. Explore the chambers of your house and unlock the doors of ignorance, poverty, despair and hatred.

Joyce C. Hampton





LET ME BE FREE

Let me be free
Like the winds, the rivers and the sea;
Free like the birds, the flowers and the trees
Let freedom be me.

Let me be free
To fly up high, like an eagle in the sky;
Free from hatred and the encumbrance of pain;
Free to live in reality, not in vain.
Let freedom be me.

Ella M. Pringle

TO DANNY

Waves speak to me in gentle ways —
 they have the softest tone.
 It seems to me they whisper truth
 to me and me alone.

They never stop from busy days
 I've never seen them rest.
 I love it when I sit and listen
 they always sing their best.

Jesus must have known my heart
 when He made the rolling sea.
 He wanted me to share this joy,
 "Come, walk the shore with me!"

How can we miss just who He is
 when we sight the foam?
 I feel secluded in many places
 but here I feel at home.

I want to share this warmth with you
 that God has placed inside,
 But I lack the words to explain my heart
 so I touch, and open arms wide.

I want to care in that special way
 that God only sends from above.
 I want to share my life with you.
 Friend, let me give you my love.

Margery Hamrick





WISE

The troubles of the world
pound upon my head until
they penetrate my brain.

Acting like a vise
the pressure builds.

I would that my mind would burst
and allow clear, fresh air
to wash and bathe my mind
of all it's miseries.

No relief comes
and I begin a hapless search
for some release.

Patty S. Harber

Leaves are blown through the room
the only movement,
the only life . . .

Until— a fresh breeze
opens new doors!

You are a fresh breeze.
I was alone.

Bentz Kirby



Tanya

Elisa Copeland
Williams

TO A FRIEND

I love you for being such a good friend.
I need you so often on which to depend.
Thanks for listening to my many a woe.
And slackening the tensions that problems sow.
When other friends couldn't (or wouldn't) be there,
You could be (and were) to show your care.
Always stepping back to place me first
You stood by me for better or worse.
For no better friend could I ever ask .
Finding one better an impossible task.
If only I could repay you one day
For the joy and friendship you've passed my way.
I could if people would lend an ear
Not just to listen, but to really hear
That an exceptional person with a low IQ
Isn't so differentYOU'RE HUMAN TOO!!!

Kathy Ulmer



I stare at dark , expansive night
 Where silence is not silence,
 but a song,
 And spaciousness of black
 is but sonorous composition.

Joseph C. Nolte

DESERT

The sky rolls silently
 Above the miles of sand
 Where breezes whistle,
 whirl through space and time.
 In ghostly sunset chill,
 Eternity stands still
 As a rabbit scurries
 On a distant hill.

Joseph C. Nolte



YEMASSEE RAIN

Stole me a ride
on a freight car
Tryin' to shake
this city dust,
from way up north
to way down south

On rails
of steel and rust.
Gonna make
Carolina or bust!
Hunger and pride
they're just feelings
And I can't
let 'em slow me down,
been so long alone
now I'm goin' home

Gonna ease
my mama's mind
Finally gonna
ease my mama's mind!

I hear that Yemassee Rain
falling in my head
As I heard it years ago
as an Indian lad
back home, in Carolina
and I won't be free
'til I dance in a Yemassee rain.

Oh mama, please, forgive me
I'm your renegade son
But I know you've done your best.

Oh, mama please, forgive me
I wasn't there
when they laid you down to rest.

Twenty years
I been in New York City.

Mostly
in New York City jails.
Now I've done my time.
Ain't even got a dime

Just this south— bound
car on rails
And it follows
where the engine sails.

As a child
I heard of the Almighty,
Mudjekauwa
The God of rain.

From somewhere up above
He will send His love
When I dance
in a Yemassee rain.
When I bathe myself
in His rain.

I hear that Yemassee rain
falling in my head
As I heard it years ago
as an Indian lad
back home, in Carolina
and I won't be free
'til I dance in a Yemassee rain.

Oh, God of Rain, please see me;
See within my heart
From above the highest cloud!
Oh, God of Rain, receive me
Gonna wash my sins away
in a Yemassee rain!

Lawrence M. Beck





LOVE

Why do I write of love?
Because everyone writes of love.
But why *do* I write of love?
Because everyone reads it
But how can I write of love?
It is a stranger to me .
I have never known it.
How can I write of love ?
Because no one really knows it.

Patty S. Harber

SEASHELL

Seashell, seashell, where have you traveled?

Born by the waves ground and graveled.

Tell me now as I quietly muse of some damp, desolate cave
or some wild wandering knave.

Don't simply repeat to me (as if mad by the motion)
the roar of this deep blue ocean.

But provide some clues
to this young muse.

What human hand, on what distant shore
last grasped you near to hear your lovely roar?

What human heart last loved you deeply
for your simple prideless beauty?

God's minute masterpiece . . .

Next to you, little urchin of the sea,
Man's molded clays and muds are simple mediocrity.

Melba Doris Howard





The moon grows larger.
Each night seems to be
 one long day.
This week with you
 was one long day.
I hope I can spend the night.

Bentz Kirby

Did I hear you say
That I was the only one
 you had trusted in years?
I guess I gave you license
 to act the way you do . . .

Or have you just discovered
How it feels
To be alive?

Bentz Kirby

BURY ME IN BLUE JEANS

Bury me in blue jeans
With a Coca Cola by my side
While Al Pacino's "Serpico" is playing
On a movie projector slide.

Bury me in blue jeans
While the sun sinks from the skies
Along a sandy moon-lit beach
As the wind rustles and sighs.

Bury me in blue jeans
With nothing on my feet
As my hair becomes softly frazzled
From high humidity and heat.

Bury me in blue jeans
Without painful tears and strife
Just me with the peacefulness
And continue with your life.

Jill Michele Fortini



فدى لبنان

لبس ثيابا بو، ثياب الحرب
وقلاد بودعلث يا امي
ترضني عليّ وارعلي
ساعة الوغن نادتنى
قوليلي يا ابني روح
بصرف قلبك يا امي
ما بقى يحمل هروح
بس انيني بلهمني
انيني انيني اتركني
خليني عالساعة طير
خليني من الشهداء صير
ولا تقولي اشفاق عليّ
اشفاق عادومح يا ابني
بفدي وطني بعيني
انا لبناني اسمي
ارعلي امي وصليلي
بكل رقيقة بكل ثانية
وان ما رجعت يا امي
بشوقك بالرفي الثانية
وصار يوسر ويزير
ومرقت وايدو عا بعينك
بعينها الي كلو تباعيد
وطلب من الله يعينك

وتركنا ابننا الوحيد

تركمنا مع حنيننا
تركنا امو تركه البيت
تركنا الكرزة والتينة
تركنا ورصل عالكيك
بقنبلة، بفرد، بكينة
ونزل سرع على الموت
ما همو خطف ولد رصاص
وبأعلى ما عندو من صوت
صرخ، بتحدى القصاص
بتحدى نوم الحراس
بتحدى هجزهم بقصاص
بتحدى بيع الضمير
بمشاري وبالماس
بتحدى خاين قناص
وانقطت الصوت
اجتو رصاصة بالراس
رصاصه من خاين قناص
وانقطع الصوت
انمزع بدم الاغلاص
دعه يشهد علينا
يشهد علينا يا ناس.

تأليف

لبنى قنطين

(Arabic translation of A Lebanese Lament by
Lily Constantine)

A LEBANESE LAMENT

An only young son came to his mother after he was dressed in the battle uniform. He asked her to bless him because he heard the battlefield calling him. He knew his mother could bear no more trials and afflictions but he asked her to let him go and be one of the patriots. He told her not to ask to pity her tears because he wanted to fight for his home land, Lebanon. The young man asked his mother to pray for him and he told her that if he did not come back home, they would meet in the world beyond.

As he was kissing her his hand passed over her wrinkled face. He asked God to help her as he left her.

The young man left his mother, the house, the garden and trees and exchanged the flowers for bombs, knives and pistols. He went running to face death and did not worry about snipers or shots.

He shouted and said;

"I dare the punishment
I dare the sleeping officers
I dare those who exchange
their conscience for silver and gold
I dare, I dare
I dare a betraying sniper"

The voice lowered because a bullet from a deceiving sniper hit his head. Then his voice disappeared as it was mixed with his faithful blood.

Lily Constantine



ONCE

Once they were so kind and friendly
But fame changed them completely.
There was nothing they wouldn't do for mankind
But fame changed them completely.

Once they were one of God's own kind
But money gave them new insight.

Once they were the only ones free
But money took it away.

For all their riches, they are lost.

Once the sun shined on them
But greed made them to turn the skies gray.
No, there was nothing they longed for
But fame, wealth, and greed can change everything.

Major Bernard

i'm thinking of you

i'm thinking of you
but i don't want you to know it
i'm falling for you
and hope not to show it

there is so much to remember
for both of us last november
when you felt my strong vibrations
and caught my shy sensations
an accidental touch
that meant for me, too much
to see your eyes meet mine
trembles my body and heart divine
secretly trying to flatter you
letting you know in a little clue
i'm hoping that you'll return my love
and i pray to the heavenly man above

because i am thinking of you
and i did really want you to know it
because i've fallen for you
and i tried not to show it

Olivia Cruz de Castro,





INNER—THOUGHTS REVEALED

Y oy say I can be honest;
I wish I could believe that's true,
Because I have lots of thoughts and feelings
That need to be shar ed with you.

But honesty has never proven
The best policy for me.
Hurt and rejection have always been
My reward for honesty.

I want to tell you how I feel
And see how you feel too.
But I'm also afraid you'll misun derstand
And think I'm asking a commitment of you.

I know that's not your need
You're not ready for promises and plans.
I just wish I could tell you everything
And love you — without demands.

Melanie R. Par ker

If someone reaches out to you
And you withdraw,
Or look away
pretending not to see,

They will retreat
Like a wounded child
And vow
to never reach at all...

Jill Michele Fortini





intruder

i looked in the window
and i saw you there
talking, joking
and full of cheer.
i saw a side of you
i had never seen before.

i walked into the room
the smile withered from your lips
the sparkle left your eyes . . .

you sat there
motionless
and would not dare to look
in my direction
and i realized
that i was a stranger there;
an intruder met
with deception,
coldness,
uneasiness . . .

i no longer wished
to intrude in your world.

i removed myself from your presence
and from the window
i watched you
come to life.

Darla Joy Horne

SOMETHING

I've got something
 that I can hold to.
 I've got something
 that I know is true.
 I've got something
 that will not abuse.
 I've got something
 that I can use.

I am living
 by the grace of the Lord.
 I am living
 by his firm, ruling, rod.
 I am living
 in one accord.
 I am living
 and it is not hard.

He is mine
 from the days gone past.
 He is mine
 to the very last.
 He is mine
 as time lays score.
 He is mine
 forevermore .

O'Violet J. Green





COCOA BEACH ONE EVENING

The sun had moved behind the clouds;
the wind had washed away the humid heat
to a pleasant evening.

Behind the blue ocean
was a wall of clouds that matched.
The waves, one after another ,
formed, then rolled into a whirl,
broke into whiteness,
then ran gently to shore.

Alfonzia Miller





AFTER BATTLE

As blaze of crimson dies away,
The shocking sounds of bombs now cease
And irritating smells of dust
 and powder weaken and disappear.
I sight a child of five or so
Who moves toward me in zig zag path
Through maze of burned
 and shattered boards.
With doll held loose in hand,
She looks at me in wondering,
 with searching stare.
My tense and nervous grasp of gun
 then eases
And quickly I feel
 relief and shame.

Joseph C. Nolte

SILENCE IS GOLDEN ?

"Bashful?" they say. Oh, no they are wrong.
My talking is endless; my voice clear and strong.
My speech is articulate—it comes with great ease.
I talk for my pleasure and for others to please.
I know many topics, speech, poetry, and prose.
I can describe the fine beauty of a delicate rose.
If I talk so much, then why do they say
my ears drag the ground and my eyes look away?
They must be mistaken----I can talk up a tree
but why they don't hear is far beyond me.

Mary Lou Junkins





Daisy for me
It's all a fantasy .
Stepping outside
 my world for a while;
It's nice to see the other side.

Step outside.
Rest for a while.
Relax and be free,
Just to be me.

But what is me?
My world I step out of
Or the one I step into?

Time will tell.
Time will tell.
But for now
 it's fine with me.

Jeannine Powers

FANTASY

Enchant ed face
 dressed in lace
 Golden locks
 music box
 Round and Round
 nowhere bound.....

Christine Smith

DECEIVERS

Smiling faces
 Social graces.
 Tea and coffee
 Pretense party.
 Deep inside
 Feelings hide.
 Destined to grow
 No one knows.
 They don't care
 They don't dare.

Christine Smith





WHEN HUMOR FAILS

I look about and find no one,
I begin to wonder what I've done.
Has my sense of humor faded away?
I dread having to spend this day.

"Hey you! I'm smiling, there's fun yet
I'll tell you things you won't forget!
Please don't, don't walk away,
I have yet to spend this day."

ORW

LIKE YOU

I've climbed the mountain,
Been down to the ocean.
I fell into the chasm.
I lost my way.
I climbed up cliff-walls
to take in the whole view
But I've never stopped searching
For someone like you,
And I've never been afraid
That I wouldn't find someone
Like you.

I've seen the sun set
On three hundred thousand.
We felt the spirit
Moan as it died.
I've seen the sun rise
With one hundred thousand,
We danced in the morning
Our souls all in one.
But I've never been afraid
That I wouldn't find someone
Like you.

Bentz Kirby





NIGHT OF FIRE

Mid the morning twilight haze
The forests and the earth did blaze.
Did seem the woods and the land were doomed!
Black billows cloaked the sun in gloom.
Lo, a stroke of thunder bid the earth
Steam her scorched face to dearth .
The torrents quenched the thirsty blaze
And regave quiet to the morning haze.

Charles Moses

MY GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM

My grandmother's room
 was a wonderful place,
 Seasoned and warm
 like her lovely old face.
 Blessed by her laughter
 and mellow with tears
 Rich with the memories
 of long ago years.

When troubles beset me
 and life laid me low,
 Grandmother's room
 was the place I would go!
 It wasn't a room
 filled with treasures and such
 Just simple old pieces
 not worth very much.
 Yet if it held
 But a table and a chair
 It would still be a heaven
 with grandmother there.

Ready to smile
 and glad to impart
 All of the wisdom
 and love in her heart.
 And I feel certain
 that God knew her worth
 That's why he took her
 away from this earth.
 He needed someone
 with wisdom and love
 To counsel his angels
 in heaven above.

Ella M. Pringle





SON, BE A MAN, MAKE A STAND

When you feel all are against you
when you know you are right,
"Son, be a man; make your stand."
When all say you are wrong
when you know you are right,
"Son, be a man; make your stand."
Remember the world is in need of a man
who will stand among men
and make his stand.

When all the world is on your back,
"Son, be a man; make your stand."
When it comes to bearing
your share of the pains,
"Son, be a man; make your stand."
All the world is looking for a man
who will stand among men
and make his stand.

How will you stand
when all hands are down?
"Son, be a man; make a stand."
When your very best friends
will not lend you a hand,
"Son, be a man; make a stand."
My son, be a man and make your stand
you will win when no one else can.

Major Bernard

GIFTS

You bring gifts
Of breezes that gently
Fan the tender grasses—
Beams of warmth
On early misty morns—
Showers cool when
Summer's zenith parches—
Vari-colored stars
Whose light fills
Private depths of
my mind.
You bring love,
my love.

—Silas H. Garrison





EYES

Dark. Brooding. Silent.

Mysterious.

Laughing. Mocking.

Bright.

Shifting. Staring. Crying.

Shining.

Loving. Malicious.

Eyes.

Karen. Brock.

“THE SELFISH CHILD”

The Selfish Child

Oh, how ungrateful this creature, who was your
precious joy of love and life.

The Selfish Child

He who beckons to you for all his needs and
wants; and pays you by shunning you in the
end.

The Selfish Child

To whom you gave your last, and still
he cries for more—

To forget all you have done for him to laugh at
you in turn.

You are getting older and his only thought is getting
away with all he can; he thinks he no longer
needs you but how wrong he is.

You gave him all the basic tools to get along with
his fellowmen but he chose to ignore
them for his own selfishness.

The Selfish Child

He, who deserves your love no longer—

The child you gave life to—
no longer lives.

Janellyn G. Smith





poetic labor

hours
pass
spark hot
& ice
flash
& words
contract
metered
into a solid mass

no
twilight
sleep each
nerve is
fresh
as a newborn
thought
is
torn from vulnerable flesh.

Mary C. Moore





the investiture

moon crown
jeweled with aged stars
robe of velvet
night
you shall
be my lady
with the death
of monarch light

Mary C. Moore

WONDERHORSE
(for Linda)

you
rocked you flew
you rode the
sky
saddled
high astride
a Wonderhorse
& another
cowgirl too
small to mount
revelled at your horsemanship.

Mary C. Moore





the beholder

my mind
is the
negative
where yr' glowing
flesh
remains
perfectly
framed
& its the memory
of past intimacy
which develops
the true picture
of —r—
love.

Mary C. Moore

Passing Clouds

A poem
is
a
cigarette
smoked
down
to the
brandname,

*stamped letters still hot in all that
they stand for.*

A poem
is
a
cigarette
smoked
down
to the
brandname,

*still moist from the lips that had
given it breath.*

Mary C. Moore





when the world went by

this time
 when the world
 went by
 me
 i didn't
 cry.
 isolation
 isn't always
 loneliness.
 this time
 when the world
 went by
 those around
 me answered
 the siren's
 blast & fast
 filed aboard the
 gyro spinning
 past.
 this time
 i didn't
 cry or run

i am
 one
 who has
 tired after
 mind trampelling years
 of social
 interrogation
 &
 am freed
 in the realization that
 this time
 when the world
 went by
 me
 i didn't
 cry.

Mary C. Moore



Karen L. Brandt

. . . Sefer Artist for this edition, is from Anderson, S. C.
An art major, she gives the Sefer a touch of originality
much appreciated. . .

The Editors

CHARLESTON SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY



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